



**A**CROSS the Great Plains,  
over the Mighty Rock-  
ies, and down the Beautiful  
Western Coast by Auto

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. PREPARING FOR OUR TRIP ACROSS THE ROCKIES



# The Story of an Automobile Trip from Lincoln, Nebraska, to Los Angeles, California, via San Francisco, made by P. H. Marlay and Party : : : : : :

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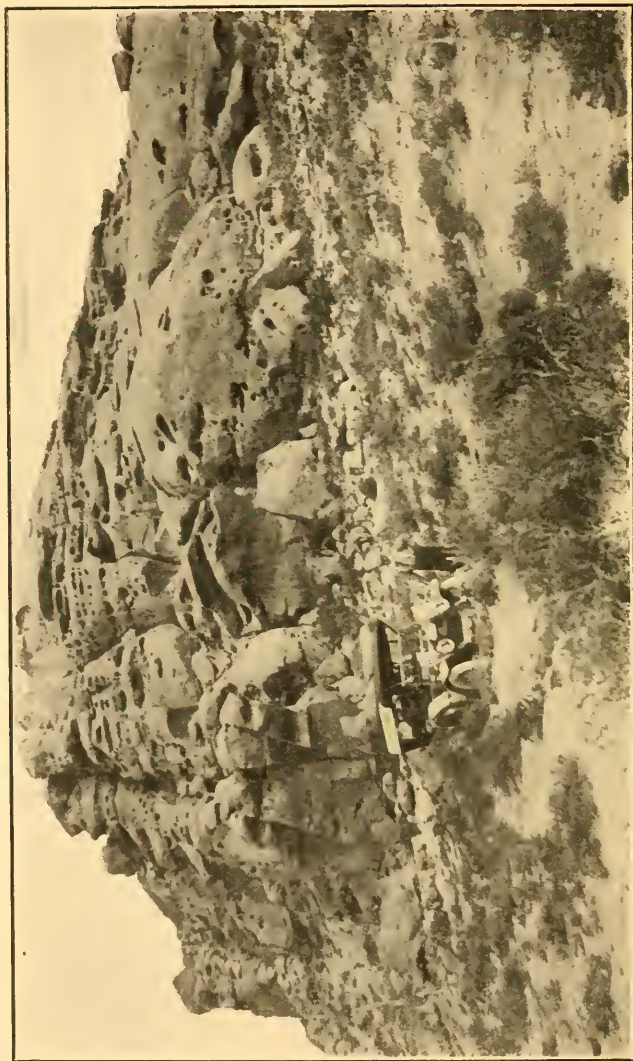


"ACROSS THE GREAT PLAINS"

I HAD been contemplating a trip across the great plains and over the Rockies and to the Pacific Coast for almost a year, and finally decided to start the latter part of

August. Every true sportsman realizes the great pleasure of anticipation and the fitting up for an outing, so after the usual delightful annoyances incident to preparation, we left Lincoln, Nebraska, at 7 a. m., August 27th, 1911, well equipped with guides for the general routing which had been furnished us through the courtesy of the Automobile Club of Southern California. We were also provided with a speedometer guide, published by the Omaha and Denver Automobile Clubs, covering the

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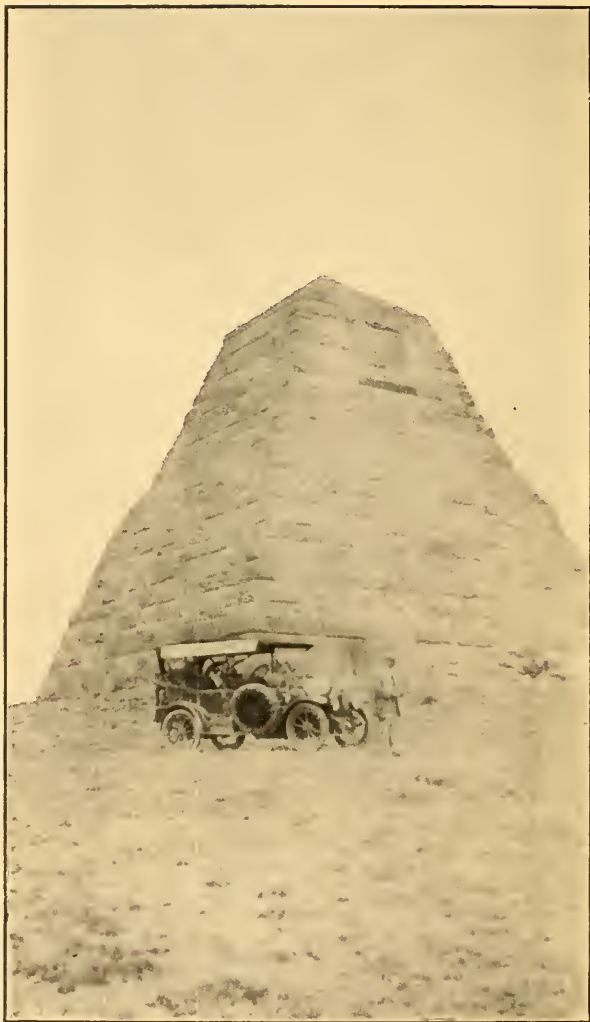
A WYOMING SCENE

route from Omaha to Denver over the roadway that they had recently laid out as the Transcontinental Automobile Roadway between these two points. This road is plainly marked throughout the danger sign being a red ring around a telephone pole or fence post and the turns and general routing marked by a white ring or rings around the telephone pole or fence post along the whole route. This is the plainest and best marking we found until we reached the markings of the Automobile Club of Southern California. The garages of Eastern Colorado, Wyoming and Utah have a very good plan of furnishing tourists with speedometer guides and routings from one city to another. For instance, at Cheyenne we secured a perfect speedometer guide and routing to Laramie. At Laramie the garage furnished us a guide of the same kind to Rawlins, and so on, making it very easy to follow the road between the two points.

We had a most delightful run through the rich, fertile fields of Eastern Nebraska, arriving at Hastings, one hundred and four miles distant, at 11:40 a. m., and after dinner proceeded on our Western journey, arriving that evening at Cambridge, two hundred and twenty-five miles distant. All of this part of Nebraska is highly improved. The farmers are rich, thrifty and prosperous, occupying fine homes, generally up-to-date and modern, with immense barns and outbuildings; large herds of cattle and swine, and fine beautiful horses; their fields waving with corn, or were golden with the stubble of wheat and oats, or green with fragrant alfalfa. A richer, grander or better farming country is not to be found on earth—Nebraska producing \$450,000,000 in crops each year.

An early start the next day and on to Sterling, Colorado, one hundred and ninety-seven miles, through a less densely populated country, but with good roads. Sterling is a young, picturesque Western city of about 8000 population, and appeared to be very prosperous.

We left the next morning for Denver, the "Queen City



SHERMAN HILL, 8247 FEET HIGH



of the Rockies," delightful in so many ways, being exactly one mile high, and having a charming climate.

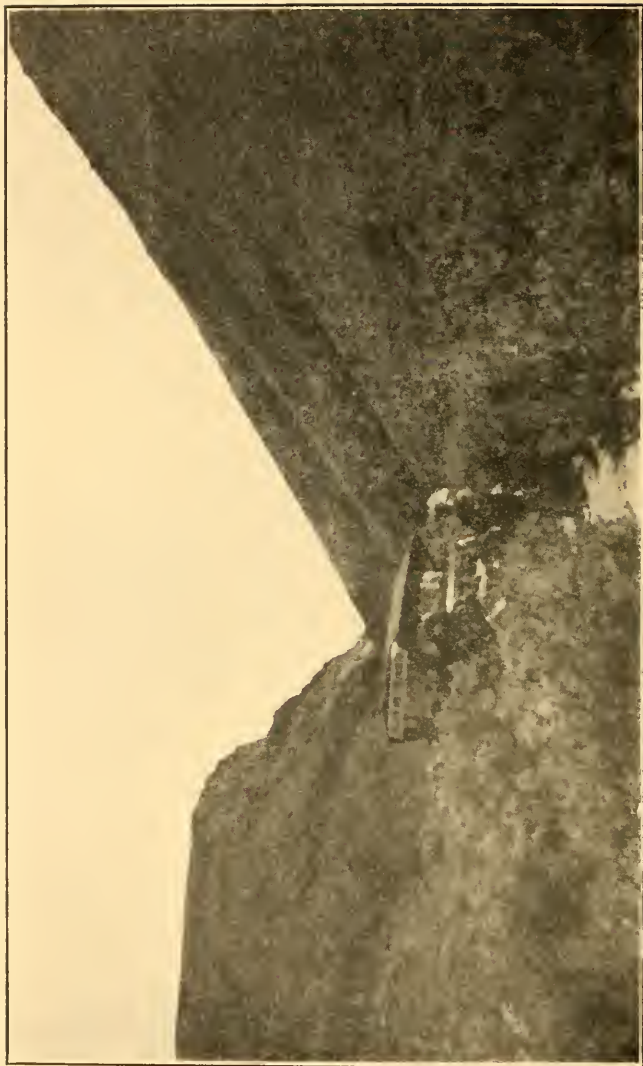
Our party thus far had consisted of Mr. Walker, Mr. Moore and myself, but much to our regret, Mr. Walker was obliged to leave us here and returned to Nebraska by the night train.

We enjoyed our few hours in Denver immensely. Up to this time we had met with no mishaps or break-downs, and after filling with gasoline and oil we were off on our more daring journey across the mighty Rockies.

Through this country we were not able to duplicate the time we made from Lincoln to Culbertson, Nebr., 225 miles, the first day, and from Culbertson to Sterling, Colorado, 197 miles, the second day, although we did very well. Our speedometer showed that we had traveled 1253 miles in seventy-one hours actual running time, crossing many mountain ranges, including Sherman Hill, 8247 feet, and the Continental Divide, almost as high. Red Desert, and what we called Yellow Desert and White Desert, and many other deserts, which all looked much alike to me,—being simply



“ACROSS THE MIGHTY ROCKIES”  
deserts—where even the prairie dogs, rattlesnakes and coyotes had given up the country in disgust.

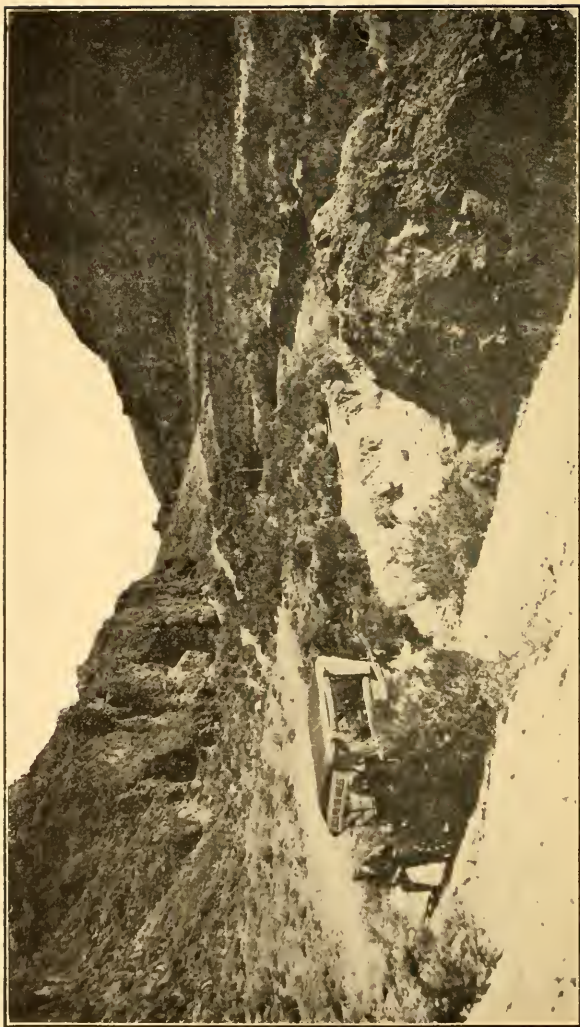


In the mountain country we found beautiful, though rather rough roads beside mountain streams, where the water rushed down from the snowy peaks, and the speckled and rainbow trout leaped to the fly, and the white-tailed deer shook their white flags as they disappeared around the mountain. Occasionally a bear, attracted, I suppose, by the odor of bacon, prowled around our tent after dark, and the yelping coyote added weirdness to the night by his rasping bark.

On the plains, if one has a good eye or a good glass, antelope are sometimes seen, but they are generally too shy for a shot. Joe took a long chance at one while I was at the wheel and succeeded in breaking its leg. He started after it in his usual energetic way and might have been running yet had he not perhaps recalled a story that I had been telling him the night before while we were sitting beside our camp fire.

I got the story from Ab. Hammond. It ran like this: Ab. had a friend in Indiana, and at the beginning of the Civil War this boy was very anxious to join the army, boasting that it would only be necessary that he be permitted to go South with his musket in order to clear up the war. But his mother objected to his enlisting. However, a compromise was effected, his mother permitting him to join the home guards. At that time the famous guerilla Morgan made his way through Southern Indiana and marched against the home town. Of course, the home guard was called out to defend the city. Morgan drew up his men, fired a few shells, cutting off the tops of the trees and shaking up and tearing down some of the houses, whereas the home guard broke into a run, throwing away their muskets and even their clothing in their frantic efforts to escape. It is said on good authority that one of the boys ran so fast and so far that he actually dropped dead from fatigue and fright.

We had been traveling at such a high altitude that



"OVER THE WORST ROADS IT HAS EVER BEEN MY LOT TO TRAVEL"

beans would not cook, and our game stews did not cook thoroughly. In fact, we could not cook anything by boiling, but we still kept our fireless cooker doing duty right along. We feasted on the good things of the country through which we passed, enjoyed the pure, light air, the freezing nights, the delicious mountain river water and the grandeur of the scenery. One night water froze in our tent, and we were obliged to drain the water from our car every evening.

There is no way one can view the country so well as from an automobile. One sees it from an entirely different angle. I have passed and re-passed through this country many, many times by railroad, but one gets only a passing glimpse of it in that way and does not realize the vastness of the desert, the grandeur of the mountains, the beauty of the rivers, and the wonder of it all.

I have been wondering how Japan, if she ever attempts war with the United States, can transport her armies across this great untraversed waste.

Our 30 H. P. White gasoline car has been our joy and comfort. Only one accident having occurred thus far,—a broken steering knuckle, which, however, took place some two hundred miles east of Salt Lake City, in the middle of the desert. This caused a four hundred mile trip to town for repairs. Being unable to secure them there, in desperation I hunted up a machinist, who agreed to make a new steering knuckle for \$10.00. He got it out in good time, making an excellent job, much to our delight and surprise, as it is a very difficult piece of work, and we had not thought that any one there could make it. We then started on the long stretch through the great deserts of Utah and Nevada, and then by better roads, we hoped, to San Francisco and Los Angeles.

When we were driving through the streets of Salt Lake City we were hailed by an old friend, Mat Daugherty, well known in Nebraska. He bade us welcome to the city and



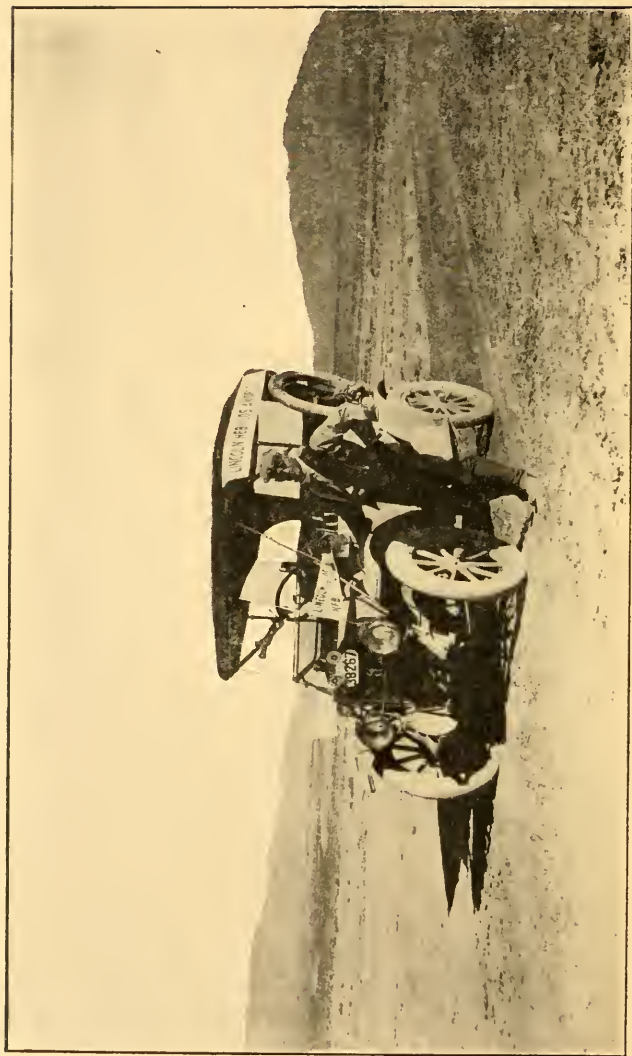
KELTON---WHERE WE BUILT A FIRE IN THE MAIN STREET



told us of many Nebraskans living there. We met with nothing but kindly and courteous treatment wherever we went.

Leaving Salt Lake at 7:15 a. m., September 12th, we ran up to Ogden, a distance of 39 miles, over most miserable roads, for we had concluded after many inquiries to go around the northern end of the Great Salt Lake. At Ogden, we met our old acquaintance, Ed Buckey, who two years previously had come from Chicago to Mason City to repair by White Steamer. Mr. Buckey is now located at Ogden, running a repair shop, and doing well. He showed us about the city and then escorting us about four miles out, put us on the right road and bade us "bon voyage." We ran on to Brigham, and out on the desert, where we were overtaken by a rain storm, the water coming down in torrents for a few minutes.

The soil here is a slimy, soapy alkali, and the roads were so slippery that we could proceed no farther, so we made camp on the wet, slippery ground near a pond, where we were beset with mosquitoes, the size and fierceness of which I have never before encountered. We slept with the shade tent curtain over us, and were glad to depart at 6 a. m., without breakfast. The writer, however, had espied some ducks circling around the pond, and braving the mosquitoes and rain he bagged a goodly number of them which later we fried so nicely that Joe again found his temper and laughed. We made Montello, a small hamlet, one hundred and twenty-five miles, by night, stopping at Kelton, where we built a fire in the middle of the main street and fried our ducks for dinner. Kelton at one time was a thriving town,—the outlet of all freight north to the Pocatello country coming over the U. P. Railway,—and although the principal merchant tried to impress upon us its present greatness, we failed to see it. We got gasoline here. Leaving Montello at 7:40 a. m., we made Elko, sixty-five miles, that night over the worst road it has



CONTINENTAL DIVIDE, THE BACKBONE OF THE CONTINENT



ever been my lot to travel. Figuratively speaking, we had to tie a rope to the back of the car going down the gullies to keep it from tipping over frontwards, and then tie the rope to the front of the car going up hill to keep it from tipping over backwards, the gullies were so steep. Elko is a pretty little town of about 2500 inhabitants. Here we got gasoline and oil and were directed to the Hot Springs a mile and a half west, at which point we pitched our tent and were received in the most hospitable manner. We here prepared our game supper and then the bath. Truly "cleanliness is next to godliness," and one who has traveled over these barren, sandy, dusty, dirty wastes can appreciate a hot bath to its fullness. The water of these Hot Springs comes from an old extinct volcano and is piped into a large plunge and bath tubs. It is too hot to hold your hand in, and is said to boil eggs in the usual length of time. It is distinctly mineral, and has great curative properties, so we were told. We left a goodly part of Utah here. Breaking camp early and with an abundance of fried sage hen, which we prepared the night before in the same manner that you would prepare for a Sunday school picnic, we started over better roads for Eureka. Perhaps I did not tell you that we do not generally stop for luncheon, taking turns at the wheel and keeping the car going from the start in the morning until the camp at night. When we reached Eureka I thought surely "I have found it." The oldest city in America appears Eureka. An old grocery man said he had lived in Eureka 49 years. He charged us sixty-five cents for butter that came from California, and directed me to a saloon across the way for bread, for which they charged thirty-five cents a loaf. At the hotel, the best in the town, the hotel register rests upon the bar, and on this were the names of the millionaire Premier party which stopped here a few weeks ago. We paid fifty cents for gasoline, but they politely explained that they were eighty miles from a railroad and freight cost one and one-half cents and express five cents per pound. Eureka is



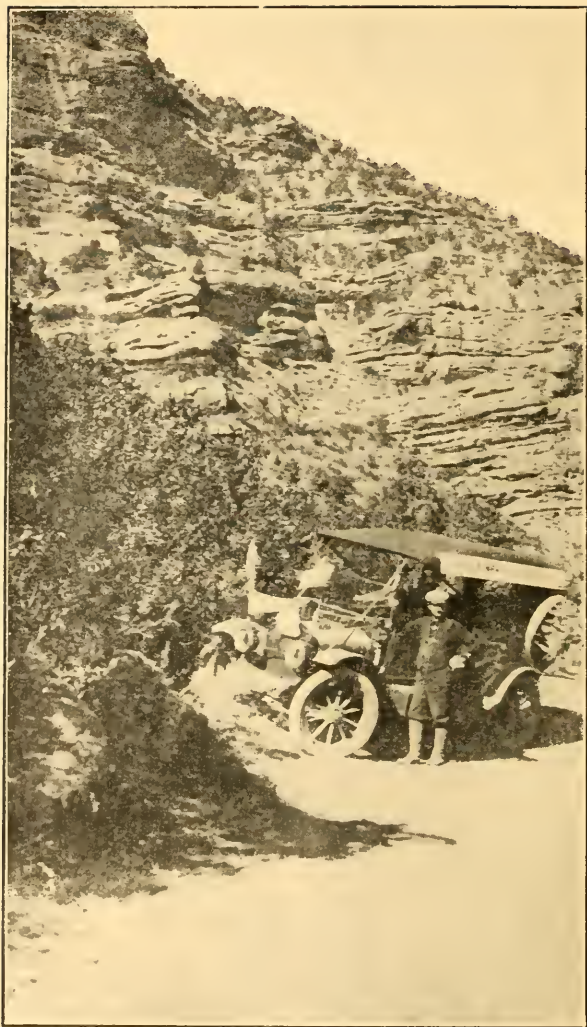
"THROUGH A MIGHTY PASS OR GATE IN THE MOUNTAINS"

located in an old and once rich mining district, and we were much surprised to find so old a town in the waste and mountains of Nevada.

We left Eureka at 4 p. m., and darkness overtaking us in the desert we made camp one hundred and fifty-six miles from Elko, and retired early, tired and worn, wondering what this frightfully lonely, sandy, dusty country was ever created for, but were soon in dreamland. The next morning the game breakfast, and we started off at a lively pace for Austin, which we reached at 10:05, and after filling with gasoline and oil were away for Eastgate, which we reached at 4:00 p. m. We ran through this beautiful ranch with its fine stone buildings and sheds, alfalfa and orchards, through a mighty pass or gate in the mountains, then on again over the trackless waste. Eastgate, I should have told you, is owned by Mr. Williams, who owns some forty thousand head of sheep which he winters here. His brother, who lives at Alpine, about fifteen miles north, also has, we were told, sixty thousand head of sheep and a fine ranch house. We soon discovered that we were lost, and not wishing to lose time we went on and on trying to find a way across the mountains, where we knew our road should be, but each time a mountain range blocked our passage.



"EACH TIME A MOUNTAIN RANGE  
BLOCKED OUR PASSAGE"



ECHO CANYON, UTAH

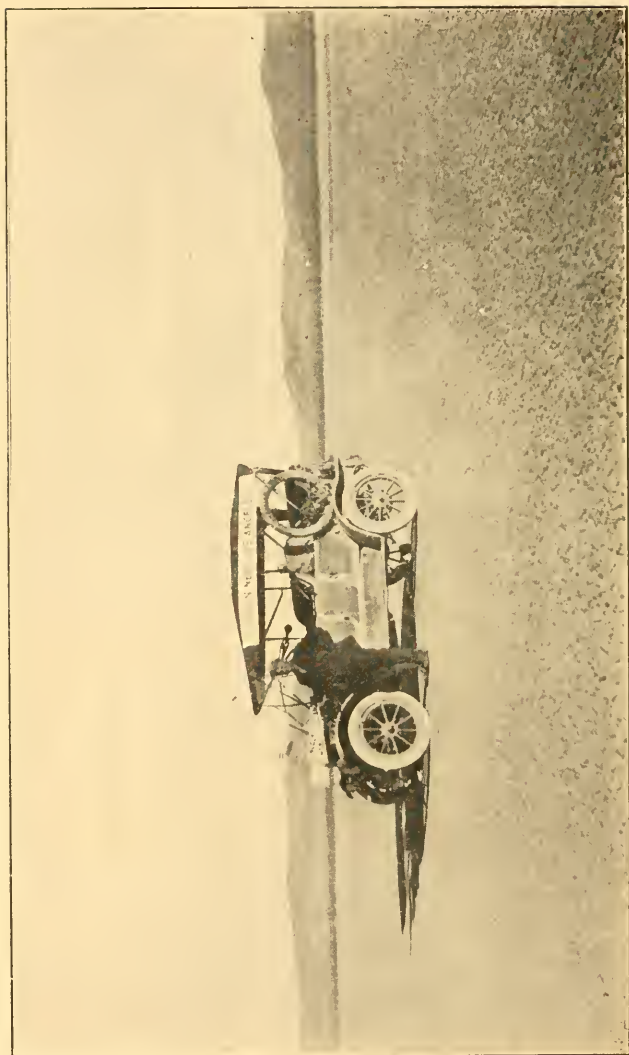
To our dismay our radiator had sprung a leak and we were obliged to use the contents of our two water bags, holding two gallons of water, to keep our engine cool. Finally we turned back after climbing a mountain on foot, following a signboard which said: "Water 5c per head; 25c per barrel, 1½ miles straight up the Canyon." On reaching there we found the camp deserted and no water. We knew there was no water for a hundred miles ahead and for thirty-five miles behind. As we were returning we met Mr. Peck driving the Midland, 40 Road Maker, who was also lost. He was returning from San Francisco, after having marked out a roadway from Moline, Ill., to San Francisco. He had also made the same mistake that we had, leaving Eastgate by the wrong road and had followed our tracks to where we met. Fortunately, we were able to direct each other, and after a council decided it was wise to return to Eastgate for water, where we had a good supper and a good bed and enjoyed the company of Mr. Peck and his wife, who are charming people.

I must not forget to tell you that the little White 30 distinguished itself by pulling a large automobile over a very bad mountain, having climbed it itself with its own entire load.

Did I tell you that I made a fine running shot, killing a big coyote at 300 yards, the soft nose bullet of our 30-30 making a wound that put an end to his sneaking, thieving, stealing career.

Leaving Eastgate at 6:30 a. m., we drove into Reno, the city of divorces, at 4:30 p. m. Sunday, having passed through Fallon at 11:20 and leaving Fairview, a little mountain village, a mile to our left. The road followed an old railroad grade into Reno, and for the last thirty miles it was good. Here we met Mr. E. C. Harris, formerly superintendent of the Northwestern Railway at Chardon, Nebr., who greeted us in his usual cordial manner and





DEATH DESERT--100 MILES TO WATER, 3 FEET TO HADES

showed us the city. Reno is a thriving, charming little city, the Truckee River running directly through it,—the State University being located here. It has a fine city hall, post office and good hotels. Its people are up-to-date and hospitable.

We left Reno with some regrets at noon, September 20th, and camped on the Truckee River in a beautiful spot fifty-one miles distant which we named "Pleasure Camp." The Truckee River is a mountain stream of cold, clear water, alive with trout, and of course, we had an abundance of them for our supper. These trout resemble the beautiful rainbow trout, but are here called cut-throat trout. We broke camp early, as we wished to see Lake Tahoe in the early morning, so we could return to Truckee and continue our journey on to Sacramento. We visited the lake and admired its beauty, but in coming down the rough, rocky road we succeeded in breaking our other steering knuckle and were obliged to wait until a new one could be made for us in the car shop at Tahoe. We succeeded, however, in getting this completed at 9 a. m. the second morning, arriving in Truckee at 10, and then on to Sacramento, one hundred and thirty-one miles, which we reached that evening.



LAKE TAHOE

The ride from Truckee is one of grandeur and beauty. We traveled along Donner Lake, a beautiful sheet of moun-



"WE GRADUALLY ASCENDED THE MOUNTAIN AND FINALLY  
CROSSED THE SUMMIT"

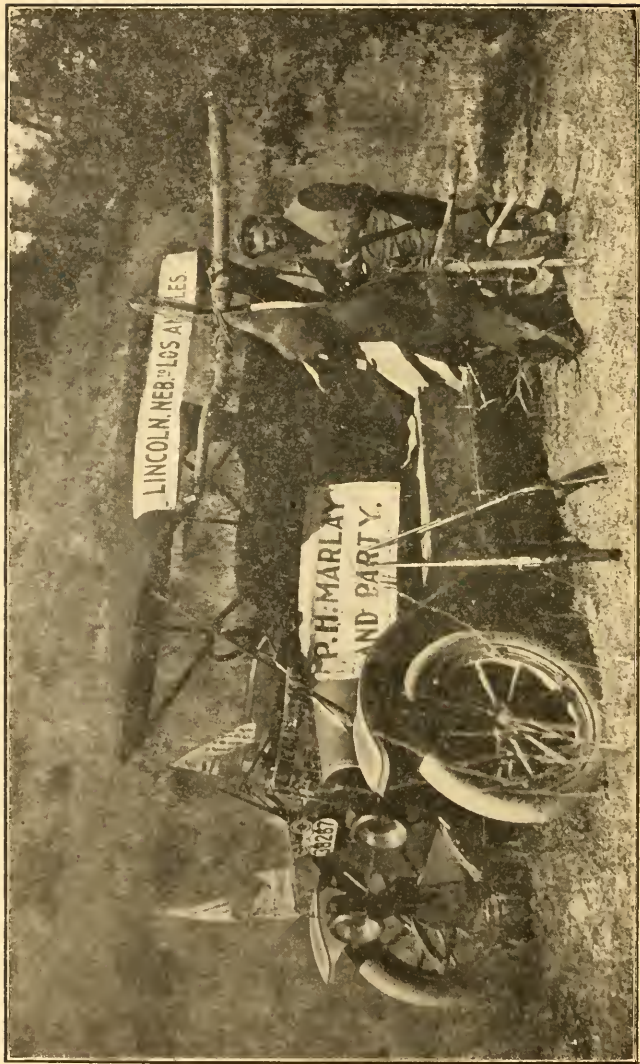


tain water, skirted by huge forests of redwood. We then gradually ascended the mountain over a steep, rocky, winding road, and after three or four hours climbing on our low gear, finally crossed the Summit, a barren, rocky mountain range, about 8,000 feet high; then down the rocky western slope of the Cascade Mountains through Emigrant Gap; then over a most beautiful winding road with easy grades through a land rich in fruits and flowers and covered with a network of large irrigating ditches. Then on to Colfax, where we stopped to see our friend Fowler, who was waiting there for repairs to his aeroplane in his grand efforts to cross the mighty Cascades on his aerial trip to the Atlantic. We, having crossed these immense ranges of snow-capped mountains and "the hot sands of the deserts" lying between him and his goal, could give him some idea of the country through which he must pass, and could at least inform him of the difficulties to be surmounted in crossing by automobile. He was still waiting for repairs, but expected to get started by the next day.

The last part of the journey to Sacramento was over a splendid road. We stopped at the Hotel Sacramento, where we rested for the night.

The next day's travel was over exceptionally good roads, through Stockton to San Francisco, which we reached in due season—crossing the ferry at Oakland, Joe remarking that this was the first time we had moved with other than our own power.

At San Francisco we were received with open arms by the Western Agency of the White Company, who gave us the freedom of their offices and shops, and treated us royally. Messrs. Hawkins and Brackett, the managers, are charming gentlemen and rustlers for business. They furnished us with needed repairs; gave us directions as to the roads; and on our departure from San Francisco wished us a "bon voyage." We found the Goodrich tires eminently



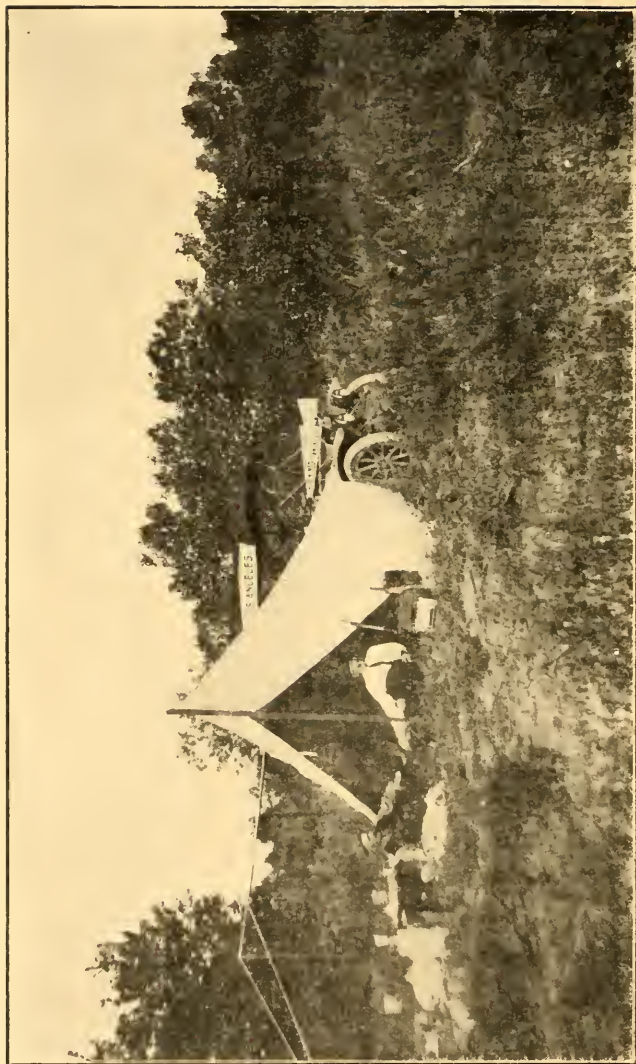
"HE PROVED TO BE A BEAUTIFUL FIVE-YEAR-OLD BUCK"

satisfactory in every way; its representatives courteous, obliging and accommodating.

We left San Francisco at 9:15 on September 25th, going down the peninsula to San Jose, arriving at King City, one hundred and sixty miles distant, at 6:00 o'clock. We had passed through a beautiful country; had secured an abundance of game, but had broken a spring, which we succeeded in getting repaired that night. The next day we ran to within a few miles of San Luis Obispo, where we camped among the beautiful "live oaks" and rested comfortably after a hearty meal of venison which we had secured farther up in the country.

I must tell you the story of one of our successful deer hunts.

I was driving along at the usual lively pace for we had started early that morning when I heard Joe shout, "For goodness' sake, stop the car!" I put on the brakes with a vigorous effort just as a doe ran up the mountain side, followed by a beautiful buck. I was busy with the car on a down grade, trying to get it stopped, but Joe had leaped from the machine, grabbed the 30-30, and had succeeded in getting two shots at long range, but was not successful in bringing down the game. I was out myself, in a moment, and throwing more shells into the rifle, started on a long run up the hill through the heavy underbrush with which the mountain was covered. After a desperate hard climb of a mile and a half I espied the buck standing on a rock about three hundred yards distant. He must have seen me almost at the same time for he started to run. At my first shot he only increased his speed; at the second, which struck just in front of him, he hesitated, then came running swiftly from behind the trees, broad side to me. As I pressed the trigger he leaped into the air and over the mountains, leaving a cloud of dust which would have done credit to a large automobile turning the corner of a dusty road running at fifty miles per hour. I



"CAMPED AMONG THE BEAUTIFUL LIVE OAKS"

knew that I had struck him, but how badly he was wounded I did not know. Joe immediately joined me and together we hastened to the point where he had disappeared.

Following his tracks for perhaps one hundred and fifty yards we found the trail covered with blood, and following the blood stains for a distance of about half a mile farther



"HUNG HIM UP AND DRESSED HIM"

we found that our game had pitched headlong over the mountain, dead.

We rolled him down to the foot of the hill; hung him up and dressed him, preserving his beautiful head and horns and his pelt. It proved to be a beautiful five-year-old buck with a fine head of horns, which now grace my office, and he weighed, I should think, about three hundred pounds.

We went into camp early and feasted on venison, which became our regular diet for several days.

After leaving camp in the Live Oaks we ran on through San Luis Obispo and Paso Robles, to Santa Barbara, where we arrived that evening. It is hardly necessary to tell you of the charms of Santa Barbara, as they are too well known. We left there at 9 o'clock the next morning, arriving in Los Angeles at 4 o'clock in the evening, and were more than ever pleased with the beauties of the Angel City.

One can hardly realize the grandeur and beauty of the State of California until they have passed through the end-





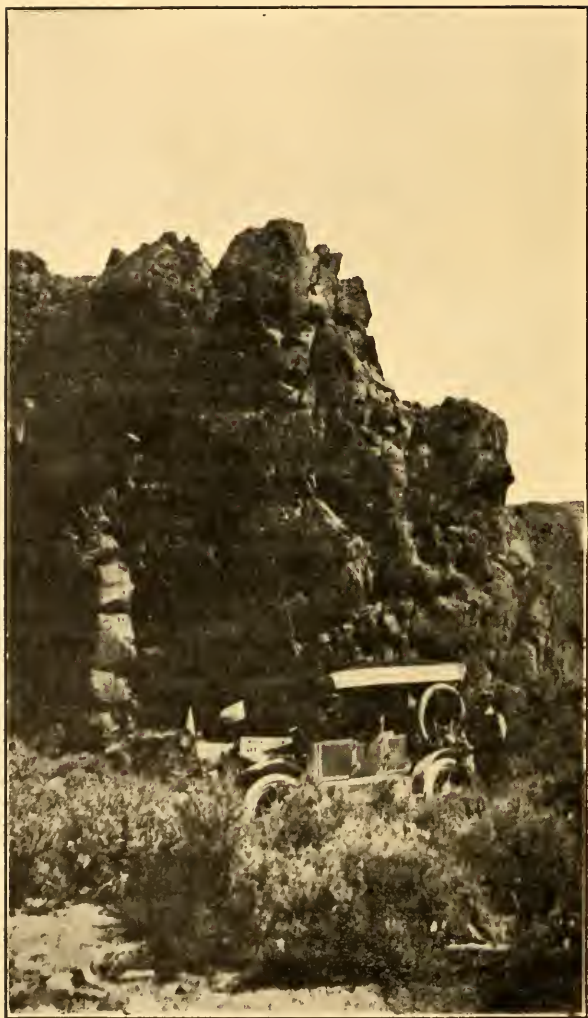
THE WYOMING COUNTRY

less wastes, over the rugged mountains, and across the trackless deserts of the Wyoming, Utah and Nevada country. After one passes the Summit of the Cascades they enter a country that has been more blessed with rains; in many places covered with heavy, beautiful timber abundant with game, and streams of sparkling water filled with trout. The country in most places is fertile and productive, with varied scenery of mountains, valleys and plateaus; beautiful cities; intelligent and courteous people, who are generally thrifty and prosperous and wear a smile upon their face denoting happiness and content.

Here also one finds flowers in abundance, and the cooling, satisfying sea breeze of the great Pacific Ocean. En route across the vast country in an automobile one meets many tourists, especially on the west side of the Cascades, taking their vacations in their automobiles, and who are always pleased to meet and congratulate one on their successful trip.

Up to the time we reached San Francisco we had had but one blowout and four punctures, which certainly speaks well for the Goodrich tires.

We had driven hard, having traveled 2723.8 miles in 167 hours and twenty-five minutes, actual running time, consuming 184 gallons of gasoline, and  $7\frac{1}{2}$  gallons of lubricating oil; having made an average speed of 16.3 miles per hour,—14.8 miles to each gallon gasoline, and 363 miles for each gallon of lubricating oil. Can anybody beat this record? We have passed over almost insurmountable mountains, crossing the "Hot Sands" of not only one, but many deserts; fording rivers and streams; sleeping night after night on the trackless waste, and yet we were happy, and realize that we were not only benefited in our health, but were benefited in an intellectual way as well, having viewed the resources of this great western country in the most advantageous way, and shall be delighted to make this trip or a similar one as soon as business will permit.

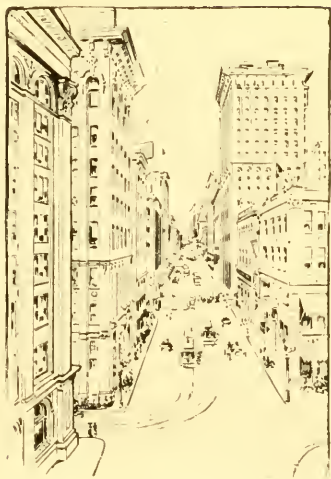


"GRANDEUR AND BEAUTY OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA"





"NEARING HOME"



"HOME"

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